

The Historie of

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *Iohn of Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglos*, and deliuer him,
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,
His valoure showne vpon our Crestes to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our Power,
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deereest speed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*:
Rebellion in this Land shall loose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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